

Tali'Zorah was hungry. And she'd had a hankering for human for quite a while. . .

The quarian walked up to Commander Shepard, trying not to let her stomach growl too loud. "Do you have time to talk?" she asked him. "Come to my quarters."

Shepard looked surprised, but nodded. "Alright. I'll be there."

She walked back to her quarters, and her commander followed. Good. The trap was set.

They reached Tali'Zorah's room and both went inside, the door shutting behind them. "What did you need?" Shepard asked.

She didn't say anything more. Instead she came forward, parted her lips, and shoved her commander's head into her mouth.

Shepard let out a surprised scream and tried to pull his head out, but Tali'Zorah sealed her lips around it, trapping him. Then she gulped him down, tasting him as he went down her throat—he was exquisite!

Shepard finally reached her stomach, and she gulped down the rest of him, not stopping until all of him was inside. Finally, it was done. Tali'Zorah patted her distended belly, grinning to herself.

"Ah, you were just as delicious as I imagined," she told Shepard.

"Let me out!" was the reply.

"We shall see, commander," she purred. "We shall see. . ."